

Christian Neighbor.

BY REV. SIDI H. BROWNE, Of the South Carolina Conference.

"No Time to Rest."

Worry may kill often than overwork, but continued labor, especially mental, with no Sabbath, will destroy mind, heart, and body before the due time for their ending. I cannot rest, says the jaded worker; my business requires my constant oversight; none but I can know the numberless small matters to be daily considered. If I left my office for even a few days there would be such an accumulation of work, such confusion, that to straighten affairs would require more time and energy than a holiday is worth. All this holiday business is a great evil anyhow. People are running hither and thither over the face of the earth seeking the rest they could better gain by remaining quietly at home; and thus the jaded worker works on year after year unremittingly, making life oftentimes harder than need be, refusing to see that his very efforts to "keep at it" are defeating their own end—he must, he will, all the sooner leave his work forever. It is said that by merely laying away from use a certain sort of blade that it acquires a new edge—would not rest, a resolute refusal for a short time to attend to the thousand daily demands of any business, put a new edge on a man's mind, give him a new heart for the busy life which at best is a "trying" one, give the trembling nerves the respite they cry for at every moment? No, no. The time for rest is not yet. I cannot leave my work just now—do not talk of it; it is impossible. Suddenly a straw is laid upon the already overladen worker—it may be a cold or fever or some slight disorder—the weary frame sinks beneath the load—that "little more" could not be borne, and the man who had no time to rest is laid away to rest from those dark business cares forever.

So often has he said that to admit one's self unequal to a task is to make him unequal to it, to say I cannot do this thing or that thing, I need rest, is to unfit one's self for the work they should do. Never admit that you are already overworked and one can work forever in the same groove, amid the same unchanging scenes. Say you can, and though the heart die within the already dying body, though the nerves cry out at every turn of the torture screw, yet go on—there is no time for rest. But at last when there is least time, when cares are thickest, when business is all unsettled, a thousand things waiting the worker's attention. Death suddenly says, Stop—Rest.

Convicts—The Sabbath.

We have reliable information to the effect that the authorities at the State Penitentiary are constantly violating the Sabbath by requiring the convicts to do various kinds of work on this day. We are told that they use it as the day to haul the supplies from Columbia up to the farm on Broad river in Lexington county, and after taking the boat up for this purpose they load it with wood and haul it back to Columbia, and in other ways require work of the convicts on the Sabbath. . . . The State pays a chaplain to preach to the convicts on the Sabbath, and at the same time they are required to violate one of the most sacred commandments of God, but the State law of the State by doing manual labor on this day.

These observations might find application nearer home. On last Sunday the Newberry Cotton Mills had a force of hands at work on the Sabbath, and the same day long, and some of their men have been working more or less all day Sunday for some time past.

We have only this to say, that if men in authority, and men who wield and mould public opinion, encourage, sanction and require this violation of the Sabbath by those who labor for them, we had as well repeal our laws against it, and stop preaching from our pulpits the observance of it.—Newberry Herald and News.

If the information of the Herald and News is correct we agree to all it has said, except that about "the repeal of our laws" and closing the "pulpits."

Rather, let the guilty ones be punished straightway—be made an example. Such management, if it obtains as reported, is disgraceful, oppressive and wicked. Let the law stand and let the pulpits, including that of the chaplain to the penitentiary, speak out with no uncertain sound.

Death of Dr. Albert M. Shipp.

Though for months it was known that the health of Dr. Shipp was feeble, yet the news of his death was unexpected and startling. He died, June 26, 1887, at Cleveland Springs, N. C., where he had gone a few days before hoping for relief and recuperation.

Much sorrow throughout the Southern Church, especially in South Carolina, will fall on the hearts of his many friends and admirers when they learn that Dr. Shipp, the Christian gentleman, the successful educator and able minister of the gospel of Christ, is dead.

Brother Shipp was a native of North Carolina. The first six years following his admission (1841) into the South Carolina Conference he served the church in the regular itinerant pastoral work. He was then called to take charge of the Greensboro (N. C.) Female College. Next he was elected to a professorship in the University of North Carolina. From this, in 1859, he was called to the presidency of Wofford College. In 1873 he accepted the chair of exegesis and philology in Vanderbilt University where he remained until 1885 when he retired from active work and came back to his plantation across the Pee Dee near Cheraw, S. C. He was a member of every General Conference to the last one preceding his death. The mortal of this faithful servant of God was buried near his quiet country home in Marlboro County, S. C. "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

A Sunday-School Exercise.

Subject: "The Bible doctrine of Peace," with appropriate Hymns and Recitations, by R. B. Howard. Published by the American Peace Society, sent postage free to all who will take a contribution for the children's department of our work. Send to the author for specimen copy.

A Week of Self-Denial.

The Board of Missions appointed the week, beginning August 8, as a week of prayer and self-denial in the interest of our missions.

This leaves each person to elect for himself or herself the particular thing or things of which he or she may deny self; as eating or drinking in kind or quantity or both. Another way which might come nearer an "equality" would be for preachers and others who receive a salary to give a certain per cent. of salary; and all others give according as the Lord has prospered them in their several callings. Self-denial in a certain thing may not be much self-denial with another person. And even where self-denial is of the same kind with two or more persons a little self-denial with some of that class may be, considering circumstances, much more to their credit than others who may do greater things, but with less trouble with the cross-grain timber of the Adamic nature.

After all, what any person may do that week will depend on his ability and willingness.

A Call.

The Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, are sending out through Dr. I. John, Secretary, a long and strong appeal for increased zeal and liberality on the part of preachers and members in support of foreign missions. While the present state of the missions is gratifying, enlargement and new "open doors" call for more men and women, and these are ready to go but cannot without an increase of funds. The address closes in these earnest words:

Let all our preachers call their congregations to united prayer and liberal giving, regardless of any assessment which may have been made upon their charges or of contributions already made during the year. A general and hearty response to this call will, under God, enable us to respond to the very real reinforcements which come up from each of our mission fields.

A Picture of Peace.

Baltimore American.

A robin has built its nest in the mouth of one of the Parrot guns that ornament the burial plot of the Maquoketa (Iowa) Grand Army Post—a picture of peace which it would be difficult to improve upon. This recalls to mind an incident of the late war. T. Buchanan Read, the poet, in a drunken stupor, was sitting in Col. Forney's room when the editor began to dictate a vigorous editorial, in which the word "war" was used. Read sprang up, and exclaimed: "War? Oh, that some beautiful bird from the South would make its nest in the cannon's mouth and stop this awful carnage!"

The poet had more sense in a drunken stupor than forty war heroes sober—if they are not drunk also.—Ed. C. N.

For months past certain sons of Belial have been libelling the best men and women of Walhalla, S. C. There can be little doubt that the malicious libellers are the incendiaries who burned the Keowee Courier office and contiguous law offices. It is hoped that no guilty one be permitted to escape. Hard labor for life in the penitentiary would be a heavenly punishment for all such malicious miscreants.

Three Million Women.

It is said that on the occasion of the recent centennial jubilee of Queen Victoria of England, three million women of her realm made her up a present of 75,000 pounds sterling, equal to about \$375,000. This no doubt is meant as a token of respect and the high esteem in which these three million women hold the Queen—and they no doubt meant well. But when we think of the great number of other places and uses to which this handsome sum could have been put by those women and the great mass of suffering humanity right there in England, upon whom the Queen's bounty has been extended three times this amount, we cannot but wonder why these three million women could have been so foolish. The Queen is already rich and did not need the money, and there are thousands of poor suffering and hungry everywhere that are ready to want and just to think the great amount of good these women could have done with this money.

The Atlanta Constitution in speaking of this gift says: "But it might be said that there are better places for this money than to be put in the pockets of three million children in the garrets and hovels of London, sick, ragged and starving, and the splendid pageantry of this jubilee procession swept to the grand abbey. Thousands of the Queen's subjects in Ireland are homeless and hungry. There are the dismal scenes of misery and suffering all about the millionaire Queen."

There is no doubt of the truth of this picture, but the Queen is not to be blamed because she was the recipient of this gift. For our wonder to us is that there are three million such foolish women. It is always thus, though. Those who have plenty shall receive more, and those who have not shall be taken away what little they have.—Herald and News.

The Panama Tragedy.

De Lesseps will not hasten to inform the Paris bourgeoisie who have sunk their francs in the Panama canal, that the water has flooded one of the deepest and longest cuts, although high above the prospective canal work. The earth and rocks taken out represent a cost of millions of dollars, but the water has washed back more than enough to fill all the ditches and the work is valueless and the millions wasted. It seems that the Panama tragedy, which has cost so many lives and engulfed so many fortunes, might as well be ended. The most trustworthy accounts of the canal, that water has flooded one of the deepest and longest cuts, although high above the prospective canal work, very little advantage, and the prospect hopeless. De Lesseps' abundant faith in himself may float the project a little longer, but it will be at a cruel cost.

Answer to Prayer.

In view of the many "Addresses," "Messages" and "Protests" issued by friends of Peace at the beginning of the year, and the general appeal not only to governments but to God on behalf of peace and to avert war, it certainly ought to be noticed that suddenly the war cloud dispersed. Bismark and the Pope joined to promote peace. The French Government has declared its opposition to war, and the United States of America have invited their American neighbors to a peaceful conference. The United States appointed a gentleman of a Hebrew Congregation to represent this government at Constantinople, thus putting a Jew where he can serve his countrymen and the world in the interest of justice and peace. The American Congress refused to appropriate \$98,000,000 for war.

COMMONS.

What Can You Do Well?

A poor clergyman died and left a widow and two daughters. One of the daughters was an invalid, and the other became the mainstay of the little family. Like too many girls, she had received a general but superficial education, which did not qualify her to teach anything. She had no taste or skill as a milliner or dressmaker. What could she do? Accidentally, she heard a number of housekeepers regretting the impossibility of having hot, fresh cakes for Sunday's breakfast. She had a receipt for making English muffins, which, if baked on Saturday, can be heated the next morning.

She called on her friends, and took orders for these muffins. The cakes were delicious, and promptly served. Her customers increased. She has now a large establishment, and a comfortable income.

Another woman, in the same position, "took stock of herself," to discover what she could do.

"I know," she said, "that it is the thing which we can do better than any one else, however trivial it may be, which commands success. I had but one little craft: I could dress hair, and understood its management. I set out upon a tour through the inland towns and villages of the Middle States, advising that Mrs. P. would teach ladies to dress their hair becomingly, and to care for it on scientific principles.

"In these small towns coiffures are unknown. I was the first to enter a new field, and I reaped a rich harvest. Since then I have visited and found business in a great many of the larger towns in the United States."

Another woman, a half-starved dressmaker in a great city where there were hundreds of dressmakers, overheard a gentleman in a street-car say, that there was no place in the city where a woman could have her socks or underwear mended. She took a room near a college, and opened a mending shop. She was the one person in possession of a new business, and therefore succeeded.

It is impossible to advise in any individual case. Two things are essential to success in any attempt to earn a livelihood: First, that we shall have skill in the work we undertake; and, secondly, that it fill a demand of the public.

"If you make a good pin," says one of the most successful of modern manufacturers, "you will earn more than if you make a bad steel engine."

Look about you and find the unfulfilled demand. The woman who furnished muffins because she saw that her neighbors wanted muffins, is on a level with Aspinwall, who saw that American commerce needed ships to the Isthmus of Panama, and built them for it, and so laid the basis of a princely fortune.

Woman's Lot.

In a general way it is quite in common with man's, yet there are points where each has a separate sphere. United, they are mutually dependent; separated, they are each largely independent. All men have a living and independent woman, and not infrequently women find themselves obliged to do no less. Men receive a special preparation for such work; shall women be treated with like consideration? To send any one forth to win bread, unqualified, is cruel. A boy or girl that is well equipped to meet the future will look upon life more wisely, free from delusions and false ideas, and will be in the best possible condition to appropriate any good luck that might happen along.

When forced by circumstances into the stern duties of life, the keenest sufferers among women are those who have grown up in homes of luxury, and are thrown upon the world to find their way. It is a cruel trial for parents to carefully provide for the boys, and allow their daughters to grow into maturity without laying a foundation on which they can build a livelihood, should circumstances demand it. By understanding the possibilities of the future, a sense of responsibility is cultivated and wisdom alone will dictate a preparation. This preparation gives a dignity and poise to character that no education can equal. She must be conscious of possessing the education that can be turned into money if need be. This feeling places her at a great advantage in every situation. When woman sees life from the same stand point as man, her lot will be immensely improved.

Beecher's Wisdom.

To one who is living aright, no death can be sudden and no place unfavorable. One step and all roads meet. Dying is the best part of life to one who knows how to live worthily.

Death is sweet as flowers are. It is as blessed as bird-singing in spring. I never heard of the death of any one who is ready to die, that my heart does not sing like a harp. I am sorry for those that are left behind, but not for those who have gone before.

Don't moan. Be young as long as you live. Laugh a good deal. Frolic every day. A low tone of mind is unhealthy.

A lawyer who works ten months in the year, and then for two solid months amuses himself, will last twice as long as if he took no recreation. Men have come to think that tears are more sacred than smiles. No! Laughter is as divine as crying. Humor usually tends toward good nature, and everything that tends toward good nature tends toward good grace.

If laughing's a sin, I don't see what the Lord let so many funny things happen for.

Having wit and buoyancy of spirits, let them flash out in services of religion. Don't consider it necessary to rake them up and hide them.

A flock of wild geese flying over Waterbury, Conn., recently saw one of the kites which the Waterbury boys were flying. This particular kite was up very high and the geese objected to it. They circled about it two or three times, and then four of their number, seemingly delegated for the purpose, attacked the kite and tore it into shreds, and then went on their way.

"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter," is the unwarlike language of God. In His providence. He will have credit every step. He will assign reasons because He will exercise faith.

The Law of Love, and Whither It Leads.

An intelligent writer has remarked that "a Christian is one who is like Christ." If this be the case, Christendom still needs to be converted, for few indeed are the Christians of this stamp. A lady, travelling recently in Japan, met with a Buddhist Priest who had lived some time in England. In discussing with her the claims of Christianity, he asserted that the precepts of Christ were powerless, for "who is there," said he, "that keeps them?" This lady also mentions a splendid new college in course of construction, of which, one part of the plan is "to send certain of the young Buddhist priests to England to learn Sanskrit, and to fortify themselves with arguments against Christianity." We send our noble-hearted missionaries to the heathen to teach them the superiority of our faith, and the priests of heathenism go to be sent to England to study the hollowness of our religion.

Our Saviour pronounces His blessings on the meek, the merciful, and the peace-makers. He forbids the resistance of evil. He says, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink. He warns us that if we forgive not men their trespasses, neither will our heavenly Father forgive us; and that if we hear his sayings and do them not, we are building our house upon the sand. He winds up the whole in one comprehensive injunction: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Now, whatever may be the meaning of these precepts, it is clear that Christ requires his followers to be mild and gentle, loving and forbearing, merciful and ever ready to forgive. How far we have fulfilled these righteous requirements, let our treatment of semi-barbarous nations answer. Often we have despoiled them of their lands and driven them further and further into the wilderness. Let the four unjust and aggressive wars which we have but recently withdrawn from, witness also our dealings with the Chinese—forcing a trade in opium upon them at the point of the bayonet. And yet many who do or justify such deeds, dare to take upon their lips that solemn supplication: "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

If our heavenly Father were to take us at our word, well might our little island be sunk in the very depths of the sea. That there is a retributive Providence no Christian will dispute, so, we can not escape the punishment of our misdeeds. And may we not, even now, recognize in poor distracted Ireland the thorn in our side, sent to rebuke us for our iniquities?

The life of our Redeemer was one unbroken career of benevolence. In the exercise of His high prerogative, He overruled the powers of nature for the good of man. He gave feet to the lame, sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, and hearing to the deaf. He robbed the serpents of their prey, and worked a miracle to feed the multitude. It is true we can not follow his example to the letter, but we are called upon to act in the same spirit. How then have we fulfilled this obligation? We have ransacked the laboratory of nature for new means of destruction, and prostrated the noblest of the physical sciences to purposes of carnage. And too often have we made use of such deadly apparatus for working our will upon the weak and powerless, thus bringing our holy religion into contempt.

War is Satan's masterpiece. So artfully has he covered its deformities; so cleverly has he drowned the shrieks of its victims in the roll of drums and the bray of trumpets, that men have almost ceased to recognize its hideousness. Under the influence of this strange delusion they have learned to call evil good and good evil, until the destroyer of his species has become the man whom kings and people delight to honor. Be it so! "The fire and hammer of God's word" are competent to shiver every plea which a Christian can advance against the advocacy of peace. Show us, if you can, some method of reconciling contraries. Show us how you can love your enemy and stab him in the heart; how you can feed him while he burns his crops, or give him drink when he destroys his products; prove to us that vengeance is synonymous with mercy; that cruelty is another name for meekness, that by fire and sword you overcome evil with good, and we will then admit that you can carry on war without infringing the spirit of the gospel.

It is a hard lesson for the world to overcome evil with good, but let us as Christians follow our Divine Master, put away the sword lest we perish by it, and trust in God for protection, while acting in obedience to His command.

"When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." Prov. xvi: 7.

A Good Story.

A Methodist minister tells us this story: "Rev. William Barnes was an Irishman, noted equally for his power and his eccentricities. He wore a shirt-collar of stupendous size and a curly wig. The latter article of decoration was the subject of some unfriendly criticism, and this coming to his ears, he prefaced his Sunday sermon with the following remarks: 'Brethren, I understand there's some of ye that don't like it because I wear a wig. Now, I've made up my mind to wear it or not, just as the congregation says. Here I am—look at me. This is Billy Barnes with the wig. And this—(taking the wig from the bald pate) is Billy Barnes without the wig! Which way will ye have him? In the roars of laughter and vociferous responses, 'Brother Barnes with the wig!' that ensued, the wig-critics were utterly discomfited."

A political orator, speaking of a certain general whom he professed to admire, said that on the field of battle he was always found where the bullets were thickest. "Where was that?" asked one of the auditors. "In the ammunition box," said another.

"Papa," said a little five-year-old, pointing to a turkey gobbler strutting around in a neighbor's yard, "ain't that red-nosed chicken got an awful big rustle!"

It is said that the delweis, the famous flower of the Alps, is found on Mount Ranier, in Washington Territory.

Woman's sphere is the home; man's sphere is the base ball.

HOUSE AND FARM.

A Few Words From the Horse.

The Turnbridge Well Society for the prevention of Cruelty to Animals, publishes for circulation a slip from which we make an extract. If they could only speak for themselves, would not the horse and donkey say:

"Don't beat our sides so hard and so often, and we shall be stronger and better servants to you. You know how oppression only makes you set up your back, but you will do anything for a kind master."

"Don't ride and drive us about till we are weary to drop, and our wind is almost broken, and we are reeking with heat and rough usage."

"Pray let us have a little more water when we stand weary and thirsty, with our poor dry tongues unable to ask for it. You have felt the suffering of thirst."

"And, for pity's sake," the horses would say, "loosen this torturing rein; we toss or shake our heads or we try to keep them still, and nothing gives us a moment's ease. You, master, would suffer severely if your head were held in such a position, and we could do more work and much better without it."

"Please remember that we can always hear your voice, and shall understand what you want us to do so much more quickly if you speak to us quietly, than if you roar at us, and drag our tender worn mouths about. We get so puzzled and frightened when you are in a rage with us, that we only flounder and plunge, and make you more and more angry."

Manures for the Garden.

Farmers' gardens are generally fertilized more heavily than any other part of the farm; but almost always with stable or barnyard manure. This as it runs is not a complete fertilizer, and its weak point is generally a deficiency of phosphoric acid, and on sandy soils potash. Market gardeners, who use heavier dressings of manure than farmers would think of applying, find it profitable to change occasionally, applying perhaps in one year ten to twelve hundred-weight of phosphate of lime to a single crop. The alteration of manures is found to be quite as important as rotation of crops, which is found so essential in farm practice.

In buying table linen the finer, smaller the pattern the longer it will last. When table cloths are half worn, or past use as such, the best parts may be cut into table napkins, and, if neatly hemmed, few will notice that they are not of a regular pattern, or these pieces may be used to lay under boiled fish for serving; or they will be found very convenient for wrapping cake before putting away in a tin box, for covering bread and a score of other uses in the kitchen; for it is never well to leave food, after it is cold, uncovered and exposed to air, dust and flies.

A saucer of charcoal kept in the meat safe, pantry or refrigerator, will keep everything sweet. It is an excellent disinfectant for teeth; a little lump pressed into a cavity will sweeten the breath. It is also an excellent dentifrice, and in small doses good for an acid stomach.

WHAT IS THE BEST FOOD?—A successful Canadian dairyman thinks bran, peas, and corn mixed makes the best butter-producing food for cows. Cows should be milked with dry hands. Cows should not be milked in proximity to offensive matter giving out a disagreeable odor.

Silver, dried out of hot water on a clean cloth will be always bright, and will not always need the weekly cleaning. It is the washing in lukewarm water after drying when cold that makes the dull, leaden appearance after a few days' use.

A material called "featherbone," prepared from the quills of geese and swans, is said to be largely taking the place of whalebone for many purposes.

During rainy days, at this season, valuable work can be done at the farm in cleaning out stables, cow lots and hog pens, and hauling fresh litter.

Danger of Keeping Bad Company.

The crows, one spring, began to pull up a farmer's young corn, which he determined to prevent. He loaded his gun, prepared to give them a warm reception. The farmer had a scolding parrot, who, discovering the crows pulling up the corn, flew over and joined them. The farmer detected the crows, but did not see the parrot. He fired among the crows, and he thought that execution he had done. There lay three dead crows and his pet parrot with ruffled feathers and a broken leg. When the bird was taken home the children asked:

"What did it, papa? Who hurt our pretty Polly?"

"Bad company! Bad company!" answered the parrot in a solemn voice.

"Ay! that it was," said the farmer. "Polly was with those wicked crows when I fired, and received a shot intended for them. Remember the parrot's fate children. Beware of bad company."

With these words the farmer turned round, and with the aid of his wife, banded the broken leg, and in a few weeks the parrot was as lively as ever. But it never forgot its adventure in the cornfield; and if ever the farmer's children engaged in play with quarrelsome companions, it invariably dispersed them with the cry, "Bad company! Bad company!"

Paul was not careful whether he lived or died. He did not covet life, he counted not his life dear, but he was careful that Christ should be magnified by his life and by his death. That whether he lived he should live unto the Lord, or whether he died he should die unto the Lord. That whether living or dying he should be the Lord's. This is the whole of it. To be the Lord's is better than life and stronger than death.

When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn.

What Others Say.

(Presbyterian.)

CANNOT AFFORD IT.—The church cannot afford to get away from the poor. It would be wicked, if it were even good policy. The church was created for the poor, with all their cares and grievances and it is our business to hear those grievances and have facts in them, and not to despise even the vagaries that are set toward a better life. The rich we do not always have in the church, but we do have the poor; one is a shifting factor and the other is a constant quantity in the equation of life. And among the poor must ever be found the pillars of the church, while the poor are the rich in prospect. Time, that spoils and saves all things, is not about to be fair play, and is ordering men down from the heads of their classes, and ordering up those at the foot. The ministry can ally this growing hatred of organized labor toward the church by joining with the laboring classes heartily in all their efforts towards temperance, all efforts toward the educational betterment of themselves and their children, by being ever ready to intervene for arbiters, to urge them to improve their condition by claiming their Sabbath. The church must turn these erring men toward herself or they will be lost; and we must do it quickly. Both propitious time and blessed opportunity have been already lost.

(Congregationalist.)

SENSELESS.—I notice, says a Chicago lady, that, in all of this talk about what is designated as women's labor, the every-day routine work of the housekeeper is ignored. There is no reference to the work of the women whose lives are passed in home-making and keeping. They are not considered as active workers. They are regarded as a negative, non-productive class. Yet the profession of the housekeeper is regarded as the most natural and proper avocation of women. There is no other trade so complex. None more difficult. Add to this the cares of motherhood, and what else can a woman engage in which will as completely absorb every energy of which she is capable? To be a good housewife and mother is by no means the occupation of an idler. Perhaps my notions are obsolete, but I think the woman who creates a comfortable home, and raises children to worthy manhood and womanhood, is the noblest worker of God, and is quite as much of a producer as the woman who writes a book, invents some machine, or follows a profession.

(Associate Reformed Presbyterian.)

We are accustomed to speak of the smallness of the trust—the one talent as contrasted with the two or five. But we need to magnify the greatness of the least endowment—the power for serving Jesus of the least gifted of his disciples. Who can estimate it? Who can estimate the power of the least gifted worker when working for God with God? Who can tell the power of a consistent, cheerful Christian life?—the power of the Christian worker and anon fifty spoken—the power of a daily life fully devoted to the glory of God—of the daily wage consecrated to the service of the Master—the power of earnest believing prayer daily, constantly offered at the throne of grace? These are all services within reach of the lowliest and least gifted of all God's children. And yet who dare set limits to their efficiency?

(Standard and Home Journal.)

"Blatant worldliness without the real power of godliness, is in many places, taking the church to its ruin. Ready talkers, skillful but shallow debaters, puffed up but spiritually powerless ecclesiastical politicians too much manage the solemn and sacred and momentous interests of what, above all other things, should be a soul saving church organization."

(Philadelphia Times.)

The American people are beginning to learn the value of rest. They are naturally a hardy and people, and many of them wear themselves out untimely each year by taking no relief from business cares. The busy man wants rest, and often change is as essential as rest.

Heroism of Captain Grace.

Whilst ordinary acts of duty become magnified into deeds of wondrous daring under the clamor of military glory, we hear little of those acts of real heroism which are continually being done around us. As devoted a victim to duty as ever fell amid the blast of trumpets and the smoke of battle has just been consigned to the grave at Chester.

Captain Grace, of the Atlantic liner "America," and Commodore of the National Company's fleet, encountered a succession of fierce gales during his last voyage. Whilst the storm lasted he did not desert his post for a moment, but stood on the bridge for forty-eight hours, drenched with the waves and nearly frozen by the cold. When the storm subsided he retired to his cabin, went to bed, and in a few hours succumbed to an attack of inflammation of the lungs, against which, so long as duty called, he had struggled during storm and cold and darkness. The blood-stained pages of military glory, record no brighter deed than that of Captain Grace, but as a civilian and a hero of every day life he goes to the grave unhonored and unsung, as far as the State is concerned.—Echo.

KEEPING ACCOUNTS.—If, madam, you keep household accounts, be honest with them; put down everything you spend. If you find you are spending more than you can afford, face the thing boldly, and at once try to discover where the fault is. Do not trust to next week or next month; begin immediately to retrench. In this, as in most other work, it is towards the middle one begins to get weary and disheartened. Accounts for the first month or two of the year are probably well kept, and so very probably will be the last three. See that the middle months are treated in the same way, and that your account book for that period does not present a painful new appearance, with only a solitary entry here and there. Neglected accounts lose at once their interest and value. Make account-keeping a daily duty, honestly performed; it will soon turn into pleasure.

Stay till the lame messenger come if you would know the truth of the thing.

SCHOOLS.

The Secret of a Happy Day.

Just to leave his dear hand Little thing; All we cannot understand; All that stings; Just to let him take the care, Soberly pressing; Finding all we let him bear. Oh, how to bring; This is all! and yet the best—Secret of a happy day. Secret of life promised rest!

Beautiful Hands.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Kathleen Gray, as she dropped her book. "I wish I were like other girls." "What a dismal sigh, little daughter," said mother's cheery voice. "And what other girls do you wish you were like, and in what way?" "Why the girls you read about, mother, their hands. They always have such beautiful hands, you know. Now here's the girl in the book; it calls her hands 'lily,' or 'white,' or 'dimpled,' or 'dainty,' or some such thing every time it speaks of them. And didn't I read in one of your house-keeping papers how a lady's hands should be fair and pink-tipped and have oval nails with white half-moons at their base, and all that? And just look at my great paws." And she cast a look of contempt at the offending members.

"Bring the 'great paws' here and let me see them, Kathleen," said her mother.

Kathie threw herself on the floor at her mother's feet, and spread out her hands for inspection.

Her mother studied them. "Well," she said at last, "what is the matter with those hands, dear? I call them beautiful hands."

"Why—Mother—Gray?" Kathleen fairly gasped in astonishment. "Beautiful! Why, just look at them."

"I am looking," said the mother. "What is wrong with them?"

"Why, they are big and brown and scratched, and here's a burn, and there's a cut, and there are needle-pricks and the nails have no half-moons; and why, mother, how can you say they are beautiful?" "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and in my eyes they are beautiful, daughter. Let us examine them critically